

Missionary News.

BRAVE MARGARET CARGILL.

Margaret Cargill was a lovely and cultivated Scottish girl, who, early in life, had the faith and the courage to leave home and friends, and, with the noble young man to whom she had plighted her troth, set forth to face all the horrors and dangers of cannibalism in the South Pacific Islands.

Mr. and Mrs. Cargill sailed from England in October, 1832. Their first field of labor was Tonga. Mr. Cargill had many thrilling experiences while pursuing his missionary labors from island to island. More than once his frail young wife accompanied him on these trips, helping him teach and sing, and otherwise taking her part in speeding on the blessed work of redemption through these sin-darkened isles of the sea.

It was when Mr. Cargill received his appointment to Fiji that the true test of his devotion and that of his heroic young wife was made. At that time the Fijians were among the most savage and debased creatures on the face of the globe. Not many weeks before, news had come of a fearful feast on one of these islands, during which two hundred men and one hundred women had been slaughtered, cooked, and eaten.

Now what did this noble, heroic young woman say when she heard of the call that was to carry them right into the midst of these harrowing scenes, perhaps to be killed and eaten themselves?

"Well, David, I did not expect it to be so; but the Lord knows what is good for us. If it be his will for us to go to Fiji, I am content."

After a perilous trip because of the rough sea, the little schooner that bore them finally came in sight of their destination, the island of Lakemba. So great was the peril they ran from the hostile natives that the captain dared not take the vessel near to the shore until he knew how the Fijians, who were expecting the missionaries, would receive them. Seeing the captain's hesitation, Mr. Cargill said: "Send us ashore in your boat. We will go and see the island chief."

As the little boat neared the beach, two hundred natives, mostly men, armed with spears, clubs, and arrows, stood on the shore. They were nearly nude, and their gleaming bodies were smeared with paint. They gazed with astonishment on the missionaries, but gave no sign of assailing them. Then one of the savages spoke through an interpreter. "The king is waiting in a house near by," he said. "He wants to know who you are and what you want."

The missionaries went at once to the king's fortified house. God gave them the very words to speak that went straight to the king's heart. Learning that their errand was one of love and peace, he at once bade them welcome. He staked off a piece of land and made preparation to build them a house. That night they slept in the king's own canoe, sheltered by the royal boat-house on the beach.

To follow this brave and noble young woman in her labors among the degraded savages of Fiji would take a volume. Her work lay especially among the women and children of Lakemba. They soon said of her: "She is a lady of a loving spirit, therefore we love her." Ah, what will not love do!

Within a month after landing she and her husband had won their first converts. Other missionaries came to help. Soon there were over five hundred converts on the island.

But the faithful and devoted Margaret Cargill was called from labor to reward ere she had seen much more than the first fruits of the subsequent glorious harvest. On June 2, 1840, when only thirty-one years of age, her sweet spirit took its flight.

When he saw the end was near, her husband, choked with sobs, bent over her and asked: "Are you really going to leave me, Margaret?"

Her reply was: "Yes, David, because Jesus bids me come."

One of the Fiji chiefs, viewing her dead body, said: "There lies a lady who was never angry with us, and who smiled when we entered her house."

Few women, in the short span of years allotted her on earth have left such a record as Margaret Cargill. And there is no young woman, reading this, who can say truthfully from her heart: "There is naught that I can do for my Saviour." How much there really is if only she will seek it!

Matrimonial.

HAYS—CAMPBELL.—Feb. 17, 1895, at Rossville, Ind., by the writer, Mr. Ross O. Hays and Miss Daisy P. Campbell, both of Cambria, Ind.

R. R. TEETER.

HUNT—MC-CARTNEY.—Feb. 26, 1895, Conemaugh, Pa., at the residence of the bride's father, by the writer, Mr. Charles R. Hunt and sister Ella J. McCartney. Quite a large circle of friends witnessed the ceremony. May God richly bless them in their wedded life.

J. F. KOONTZ.

Children's Department.

From Fishers Hill, Va.

I go to Sunday-school every Sunday. I go to the Reformed church, for it is too far to the Brethren Sunday-school. We had a very good lesson, and one we all should study, on February 17; about the good Samaritan. A man fell among thieves and they robbed him, and they left him senseless and bleeding; and the priest came along and looked at him and passed by. The Levite came along next and did the same. Next came the Good Samaritan; he went and bound up his wounds and took him where he could be taken care of. I will answer Zelpha Ellen Summers' question. It is found in St. Mark 1:9. Jesus was baptized of John in Jordan. I will close by asking a question. Who is our neighbor? Good-bye.

Feb. 26.

VERNIE M. KELLER.

From Hudson, Iowa.

This is my first attempt to write for the EVANGELIST. Our school was out yesterday. We had twenty-two scholars. The snow is melting now. I was eleven last November. I go to Sunday-school every Sunday that I can. I live about four miles from church. My Sunday-school teacher is Mrs. Shank. My mamma and papa belong to the Brethren church. I have two sisters and one brother. I will answer Florence Bemenderfers' question. Jesus and Peter walked on the water. I will answer Zilpha Ellen Summers' question. Jesus was baptized. John the Baptist baptized him. I will close. If this is published I may write again. Your friend.

Feb. 23.

GERTRUDE HESSO.

From Udell, Iowa.

I will try to write a letter for the EVANGELIST. I am nine years old. This is my first letter for the paper. I went to school this winter; but our school is out now. There is a nice Brethren church one mile from our home. Our pastor's name is H. S. Enslow. He preaches every second and fourth Sunday in the month.

Feb. 25.

GUY HUFLER.

From Shendun, Va.

This is a pretty day. I thought I would write another letter. I am sixteen years old and I am working for Jesus every day I live. I was once far away from the Savior and as vile as a sinner could be. I wondered if Christ the Redeemer would save a poor sinner like me. I wandered out in darkness, not a ray of light could I see, and the thought filled my heart with sadness.

Feb. 17.

NETTIE GARLAND.